

Check the new address. Also check the number of this letter. I think it's right but am not positive. Monday, January 8, 1945

Dear Darling;

(32)

It's dark outside and my spirits are just as dark right now. What I need is you to satisfy this terrible longing I have to be with you. I think that tonight I miss you more than ever before my dear sweet Dolores. Miss you more than I ever thought I could miss anyone. You are the very dearest person in the world Bunny, and always will be. It's so damned unfair and unreasonable that I should have to be out here so damned far from you. This is one thing which I will never forgive, this senseless waste of years of my life to safeguard and to fill the wallets of a chosen few whom I dislike a hell of a lot more than I could ever dislike some of my hand picked "enemies". Why is it that the little men of the world must ever be forced to shed their blood and lose their little lives fighting far from home against a foe consisting of just such little men as themselves, little men who want just as badly as we do to return to their homes and their families. Little men who generation after generation allow themselves to be sold the most ridiculous product in the world jingoism, the stepped up patriotism which consists of the subjugation of self to country. It isn't even a halfway worthy cause to fight for. It would be so much better to expend all that money, those resources, and that effort in the betterment of this world, to give all the little men the opportunity to live a decent life. Instead we devote all our energies toward the extermination of little men just like ourselves. Some day people will forget all about national and geographical boundaries and realize that only by utilizing all of the many resources in the world for the benefit of everyone in the world, not only for Americans,

or Russians, or Germans, or Japanese, can we stop all these damned wars. I am quite thoroughly disgusted with just about everything except you and I, Sweet Heart. I wish that we could just go away somewhere where there would be only the two of us with no one else to ever bother us. Yes, I know this is an escapist attitude and that it would accomplish nothing toward the ultimate betterment of the world, but I'm perfectly content to let it be that way. I'd like to just wash my hands of everyone and everything except you. I think this is what is called love Sweetheart, a very great love which I have for you. I detest every minute that keeps me from you.

Now that I've gotten that off my mind I'll settle down to something a little more interesting than my ineffectual trade against a system which has me completely helpless and at its mercy.

Today brought a letter from you, one written the 18th of December. It was wonderful to hear from you again. The incident of the bra strap in the library was amusing. I should have been there, I would have appreciated it much more than the fellow getting to books did. Didn't you notice the difference at all? You certainly should have it seems, although never having worn one I wouldn't know for sure. If I'd been there I would have been a gentleman and fastened it for you. Isn't that nice of me?

You can just forget the cap for that pen if it costs that much. I could buy a new pen for that price. This old cap I am using now is still holding out quite well so I'll stick to that. Thank you very much for inquiring about it though. It was very nice of you.

The Christmas party you were planning when you wrote the letter sounded like fun. That idea of not putting names on the packages but making up rhymes to give clues

to the person sounds like fun. Tell me how you identified yours. Just what clue did they give for you? It's just as well that I wasn't at the party anyway. I'll admit it was nice the way you had it planned and all, and I'll even admit that most of the menu was quite appetizing, but one thing was wrong - candied yams - I do not care for candied yams so it's just as well that I wasn't there. Sour grapes you say, nonsense!!! Oh, you think you could have given me something to make up for the presence of those. I won't even mention their names - well, in that case

Darling I'll truly say that I am terribly sorry I couldn't be there with you. I hope you enjoyed yourself the Sweet. Let me know how it all came out.

So, two letters from Steve eh? You didn't mention what he had to say. That's a fine how do you do. Here you have me tell you what Mary had to say and then write me to tell me you received two letters from Steve with not so much as a hint as to what he said. Remember I'm jealous and will have to draw my own conclusions about their contents. Somehow or other I can't help feeling toward him the way you feel toward Mary. He's probably a nice fellow since you went out with him but I still don't think I'd care much for him.

In having quite a time drawing up the plans for that house I told you I was designing. I've designed two with the basic units of living room, bedroom, dining room, kitchen, and bath but didn't think they were easily adaptable to enlargement later. I'm finally working on one which I think will turn out all right. It will take me quite a while to finish up the plans and ~~of~~ sketches of it but as soon as I do I'll send you a copy. I'll do quite a few designs and send them along to you for advice and approval. Today I was

working away on the plans very much absorbed in my work when, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed someone beside my desk. It was the lieutenant. He just laughed and said, "That's all right Maurice, I'd do the same thing myself." It is quite a boring class despite the fact that the lieutenant tries to liven it up with an occasional joke such as the day he announced that we were going to study the filling out of forms when a person died in the military service, "This," he added, "is a very dead subject." O.K., O.K., that's what I thought of it myself so don't blame me for it.

Those kids who hang out in your back yard sound like fun. They don't belong to that family that has so many children - the Moon's I believe their name is - do they? They seem to be getting the best of your mother with that snappy reporter of theirs. I hope your mother doesn't take it to heart. Say, has your mother shown signs of forgetting about those cigarette burns on the table top? Don't remind her of them, but just subtly find out if she still intends to make me scrape and refinish it. I'd hate to spend our honeymoon doing that. I want to spend it making violent love to you and making you love it, not redecorating furniture. She wouldn't really be that mean would she?

Goodnight now my Sweet Darling. I send you

All My Love and a Million Kisses
Freddie